

Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

"I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."—[Cowper.

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Our Dumb Animals.

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OH, FOR BOUNCE!

Mr. Roger, a visitor from the city, took frequent drives, walks and horseback rides. He could manage a tandem admirably, and was a first-class whip and horseman. His favorite excursion was in the neighborhood and along the borders of Woodland Creek.

"Woodland Creek" ran through the prettiest parts of Fensington outskirts. For many years the inhabitants had made a pleasure of repairing in parties to its banks, and fishing for roche, trout and other species of the finny tribe; but, as yet, no one seemed to think of bridging it—and a bridge would evidently prove an acquisition, for the creek, although a beautiful feature of Fensington, was nevertheless a great interference to direct traffic though the place.

About the time of Mr. Roger's arrival at Fensington, a man named Manning, with his family, moved into the place, and located near the creek. He had two children, who attended the district school,—Harry, fourteen years of age, and Theresa, ten. One afternoon Harry came home to dinner all aglow with summer heat.

"Father," he said, "that school is a most unreasonable distance from here; I have to run all the way going, or else be late!"

"I know it," said his father; "but, Harry, what is the remedy? we can't have everything as we wish."

"I would like to have one thing that I wish!" said Harry,—your permission to bridge the creek."

Mr. Manning gave an incredulous stare.

"Don't think it absurd, father," said Harry, eagerly; "it will put no one to a cent of expense. If you will only tell me that I may do it, I will get a few of

the school-fellows, and together we will fell from the bank an oak, where the creek grows narrow, and so manage it that it will fall across the stream. Then, instead of going around a mile or more, I can step over the bridge, and there I am, within a yard or so of the school."

This argument elicited Mr. Manning's approval, and the very next day Harry, with his classmates, gave stroke after stroke to the sturdy oak that was to form the bridge. To the oak the boys added a couple of planks, propped from beneath by hard pine poles, thus making it good passing for traffic of any description, light or heavy. By-and-by it became a "marvel of beauty," the chestnuts from either side met, interlocking their branches, bower-like, under the fragrance and protection of which one might stand in Indian summer, and look away down through the green woodlands beyond. But 'tis the winter charm of the scene that all agree to be most beautiful, when the stout old chestnuts still wear such a friendly, engaging look, every bough and fibre of them clothed in crystalline splendor, creaking 'neath loads of sparkling icicles, over which the winter sun would often seem to pause and cast down rays, changing the work of Jack Frost into "millions of unsummed diamonds," and the green waters of the lake below into one dancing sheet of molten beryl. Crowds flocked to enjoy it, both in winter and summer, and of its attractions Mr. Roger was a warm appreciator. But an accident occurred there that enhanced the interest of the bridge, and this is how it happened.

Approaching the holiday season, Mr. Manning, as a Christmas gift, presented Harry with a dog named Bounce, a thorough-blooded animal, imported direct from Newfoundland. One day Bounce came running up to his young master, pulling at his jacket, and sending forth the most piteous howls.

"Something is wrong!" said Harry. "Bounce, lead me!"

Away dashed Bounce, Harry following after, until he found his father at the extremity of the garden, buried under an elm which he had unskillfully undertaken to chop down; and probably, if Harry had not so opportunely extricated him, he would have died; for the tree, in falling quite the opposite from where he intended to strike, crashed down upon him with a force that wounded him severely.

Bounce, after this feat, was esteemed by Harry as something almost sacred; no infant could be treated more considerably. One day Bounce leapt up playfully and caught the bridle of Mr. Roger's horse; the poor dog received a severe lash in consequence.

"I'll go to my father!" cried Harry, flaming with indignation and ready to burst into tears over the evident sufferings of his favorite.

"Go," said Mr. Roger, under the influence of a rheumatic elbow, "and go to perdition at my particular wish!"

Harry thought this a very queer expression for a "gentleman" to use under any circumstances, and with silent contempt walked away, and whistled to Bounce to follow. An hour later Harry passed by the bridge. To his dismay he found that, in consequence of a late freshet, it was rendered unsafe, the banks having given way. Intending to come the next day and make it again reliable, he turned homeward. Behind, he heard the clatter of hoofs; he looked, and saw Mr. Roger nearing the bridge.

"Back!" he cried, running toward him, forgetting ill-will, everything but Mr. Roger's danger, "keep back from the bridge!"

But Mr. Roger, who interpreted Harry's outstretched arms and inarticulate shouts as an effort to frighten his horse into a run, merely shook his whip menacingly at him, and turned his horse's head direct towards the bridge. Harry knew Mr. Roger to be no swimmer, and his limbs grew weak at the thought. He ran for dear life, arriving in time to see Mr. Roger plunging, a helpless heap, into the chilling waters, and his horse struggling up the embankment beyond.

"Oh, for Bounce!" cried Harry, looking frantically around, and pulling off his boots; but Bounce was nowhere to be seen. "Courage, there, Mr. Roger!" and the boy was by his side. "Cling to my waist and I'll swim you ashore."

A few bold strokes he swam; but, after all, he was but a weak boy, and Mr. Roger was a "dead weight."

"Oh, Bounce!" gasped Harry, ready to give up, when to his heart's transport he saw his noble favorite bound down the bank and run wildly along the stream. "Quick, Bounce! oh quick!" he cried, with scarce a breath to use.

Brave and bold, the sagacious beast sped to his young master, seizing him by the arm and dragging him with Mr. Roger safe to shore.

Now if there was anything Mr. Roger was most sorry for in his life, it was for the lash he gave Bounce. The following spring he returned to the city. Before he went he offered an immense premium for Bounce, but Harry esteemed him priceless; consequently, Mr. Roger consoled himself with clasping a gold collar around the dog's neck, that was a small fortune in itself—Selected.

DRINKING TROUGHS AND FOUNTAINS.

The "Liberal Christian," of New York, in proposing the formation of a "Fountain Society," for that city, has published a long article, from which we make the following extracts:—

"The importance to health, temperance, comfort and humanity, of establishing frequent drinking fountains for men, and watering troughs for beasts, in the streets of great cities, is becoming clearer every day. The sufferings, which, in the hot months, human beings and animals are exposed to in these brick and stone deserts, where drinking water in the open streets is as scarce as in Sahara, is something disgraceful to consider, when we reflect that the remedy is so cheap and near at hand.

"The direct loss of life to men and beasts by pure want of water is considerable; and the indirect losses of comfort in the necessary employments of life, by the absence of the greatest of all refreshments, are immense.

"It is not ornamental fountains in public squares, beautiful and desirable as they are, which we so much desire to see multiplied, but small drinking fountains for men, and troughs for horses and dogs; at short intervals in our streets.

"They ought not to be much less common than the iron letter boxes at the corners of the principal thoroughfares.

"In London a Fountain Association exists, dependent on private support, which at our latest reports had erected one hundred and twenty-three fountains, and one hundred and twenty-five troughs, over an area of one hundred square miles; a good beginning, but very inadequate to the wants of the vast population.

"The Philadelphia Fountain Society was incorporated in 1869, with twenty-six leading ladies and gentlemen as managers. It has erected thirty-one fountains and several drinking troughs, and it reports that in addition to the comfort to men, and the lessening of intemperance, its effect on beasts is shown by the fact that,

"Whereas, Fifteen or twenty horses had been known to die in a single day, in that city, from heat and exhaustion, before the horse troughs were opened, last summer only one horse was known to have died from those causes.

"Doubtless dogs are maddened from the want of water, and the habit of muzzling them in hot weather is foolishly cruel.

"We are not sure that the large number of drinking fountains for men and beasts required to give full effect to the system, could be secured by any private association.

"What could be the objection to devoting a few hundred thousand dollars of the public money to supplying every four square blocks in the city with a fountain and trough? They are at least as important as letter boxes, and we had almost said, in so hot a summer climate as ours, as street lamps.

"Will it be objected that we cannot spare the water?

"There is ten times more wasted every day, by the absence of a proper system of water-meters in houses, than would supply all the small fountains.

"Nay, the ornamental fountains consume more than the necessary ones would.

"We do not doubt that, in saving the lives of horses, in cleansing and refreshing laborers, in deterring from the use of strong liquors, in cooling heated brains and irritated stomachs, the saving to the city would be every year far greater than the cost of the annual support.

"But we do not propose to trust to the public cost or wisdom for drinking fountains. Let us first prove by a private 'Fountain Association' the admirable efficiency of this means of stopping drunkenness and diminishing exposures to life and discomfort among men and beasts. If, in a couple of years, we could get the liberal citizens of New York to open, say a hundred drinking fountains and as many watering troughs, it would be a beautiful beginning of the work, which the public voice might then command the city government to continue, if the private munificence failed."

UNDERTONES.

BY JOHN WETHERREE.

I am not what I seem. Within me dwells
An older entity. With it, at spells,
I hold communion, as with a star;
A star within, whose light has travelled far.
This strange companion sometimes tells me
That forever we have been in company.
With past forms I feel a strange connection,
That savors not of birth, but resurrection;
Thus related, in sentiment, at least,
To the worm and insect life, with bird and beast,
I need not go to fairy page of old
To learn of talking birds, to children told;
Ask Walden's hermit what the fishes said,
When nibbling from his hand a piece of bread;
Or what the secrets caudal bipeds told
To Darwin of man's pedigree so old;
If Esop heard in fancy or in speech
The common-sense "our poor relations" teach;
Or whether Cowper, turning from Rousseau,
Obtained his light from nightingale or crow,
Then told as fables what were really so:
For beast and bird their social converse hold,
"Pow-wow" like men, conventions have, and scold;
Comment on us, know foolish men from wise,
Observe our acts, approve or criticize!
How sweet it were if we could but translate
Their sage reflections made on man's estate!
But, as it is, to those who hearken well,
And know the "cipher," they can secrets tell.
A dog's sad howl, with master's failing breath,
Becomes prophetic of approaching death.
A stray black cat, once crouching at the door,
Was "scat"ed at; she only crouched the more;
So touched my sympathies, I let her stay
And make my house her home. Oh! lucky day!
Such cats are omens. This one proved to be,
And luck the tribute that she brought to me.
But, waiving all such mystic speculations
Of dogs and cats, whose hints are revelations;
Who are so deaf who hear no undertone
Of thought in cricket's chirp or dove's low moan?
Think you the cayotes howling on the plain
No meaning have in their long, mournful strain?
I hear it like a sea-shell in my ear,
A monotone of State Street, long and clear,
A scent of assets, or the cruel rates—
The taste of blood or failing men's estates.
The bound'ry line of both is interblended:
Wolf is but broker, more or less extended.
Not apes alone hold all of man's descent;
Reversions show the wolf to some extent.
I think, of all that live in wood or den,
Wolves come the nearest to some fellow-men.
As close to earth the red-man puts his ear,
To sense the footfalls too far off to hear,
Or tread of game, or finds again the trail,
Gaining knowledge where higher outlooks fail:
So, listening earthward, animals will teach
Deep lessons, inexpressible in speech—
More like a ground-swell in the soul. And then,
I see in them the nebulae of men.
Many contributions make up life's river;
Its head is on, so it will flow forever.

—Commonwealth.

A HORSE in poor condition was made to put on one hundred pounds in a month, with only cut hay, moistened with three pints of molasses diluted in three gallons of water per day. It was quite evident, in this case, that the horse gained faster than he would have done on any amount of grain. It was noticed that he ate very large quantities of hay sweetened with molasses water. This was also found to be cheaper feed to produce the same result, than grain, counting the molasses at forty cents per gallon.

VALUE OF BIRDS.

It is natural to ask how we ought to receive or treat our pretty visitors.

The law has told us we must not shoot at or kill them, and we must not destroy their nests. They come to us in the most confiding innocence; not intending to harm us, but conferring upon us benefits which no other class of the animal creation can confer.

Were there none of these birds to keep in check the myriads of voracious insects which swarm around us, our country, it may well be believed, would cease to be habitable by man. We may form some idea of the value of birds, from calculating the labors of a single species.

Each red-winged blackbird devours on an average fifty grubs a day. One pair in four months consumes more than twelve thousand. If there are in New England one million pairs of these birds, then they will consume twelve thousand millions of grubs in one summer.

If any one can calculate the amount of injury that such an army of insects might do, he may calculate the amount of benefit which we derive from this single species of birds, for one season only.

It does one's heart good to hear the sweet song of the meadow lark. The gunner should spare him for that alone. They feed upon insects and (to man) useless berries.

The hanging-bird—in spring his food is almost wholly insects. In cherry time we rather wish he, and his cousin robin, would stay in the woods; and yet, they are so busy in catching the pea bugs, and the robin examines the trees in the orchard. The insects found upon the apple-tree seem to be his favorite dish.

The crow blackbird pulls up corn, but he devours an immense number of insects.

The king bird is said to catch bees. I have shot two or three, opened their crops, but found nothing but bugs and parts of bugs, but not a sign of a bee. Let him live, for he eats beetles, crickets, grasshoppers, and canker-worms.

The phebe lives on insects. We shall suffer for our cruelty and ingratitude, if we harm this friendly inhabitant of our cow-yard.

The bobolink eats crickets, grasshoppers, and spiders. No wonder he sings so lustily.

The sparrow—there are several species of them. Their food is mostly insects, with a small portion of small seed with it. The multitude of small worms that they pick from trees and shrubs is almost incredible. He is the only bird that seems to have a liking for the prickly green worm that infests the cultivated raspberry, and the European sparrow takes delight in tackling the stronghold of the tent worm.

The swallow eats nothing but insects.

Almost every species of the smaller birds devour more or less insects, and not even the crow excepted. He eats the white grub worm wherever he can find it.

The brown thrush or thrasher is said to do much injury on corn and other things. This may be partly true; but for every kernel of corn he pilfers, I am persuaded he destroys five hundred insects. Some years ago, seeing one of the birds busy about my garden, as I supposed for no good end, I shot him; and a few days after, another one. On opening their crops I found them filled with the large, black bugs that live upon squashes, and poison our cucumber vines—a bug, I believe, that no other creature will eat. Let them steal some corn to sweeten the sour gravy. I place a high value on the thrasher, and love to hear his merry song. J. W. MELL.

PARENTAL TEACHING.—The great doctrine to teach a child is, that he must labor for what he wants. Is it riches? Let him stop envying those who made money, and go to work and make it himself. Is it the position which character gives? Let him build up a good reputation for himself. Is it talent? Let him study to improve his mind. He may come honestly by somebody else's money, without working for it; but he cannot inherit an education.

NEW YORK CAR HORSES.

A Plea for Those Who Can't Plead.

Perhaps some of our readers can recall a picture which appeared in the English Royal Academy some years ago, and was surrounded from morning till night by an eager crowd. A triumph of Landseer's hand, it pointed, with painful force, "an o'wer true tale." A Hansom-cab stood at the door of a low pot-house. Attached to the vehicle was an animal which, the least knowing in equine antecedents saw at a glance, revealed a sad story of better days. The shapely head, formerly held so proudly, was now drooping. The splendid arch of the neck was no longer discernible. The legs, once "clean as a whistle," were knotted, bent and out of symmetry. Each rib was distinctly visible; you might see beneath the flanks the weals which that terrible lash, now swinging idly at the back of the cab, had inflicted. It is the end of a long, hard day.

Yet seven years ago this very same steed was the object of more kind attention than nine-tenths of humanity. He lodged in an equine palace, was as carefully valeted as the duke, his master, and his health was deemed of more importance than that of the men who rubbed him down.

There is something inexpressibly melancholy about a fine horse's career, just as there is about those cases, happily rare, in which a man, through no fault of his own, falls from a height of splendor to an abyss of misery.

For some time past we have been observing with grief and disgust that, notwithstanding Mr. Bergh's admirable and enduring efforts, the state of the horses in the street cars, stages, and minor express wagons continues deplorable. Professor Gamjee, the first veterinary authority in England, has been taking stock of the horses employed in such occupations in London and Paris. He finds that half of them in the one, and two-thirds of them in the other, are more or less lame. We feel convinced that if this learned gentleman could carry his experiences to New York, they would result in his ascertaining that many more than three-fourths of the horses similarly employed do their daily labor in chronic pain and often agony.

Observe that crowded car containing not less than seventy persons. A start has to be made up hill. One horse refuses; his legs quickly tell you why. Examine his fore fetlock joint; you will find wounds upon it, and the legs unnaturally bent by the strain put upon them. Possibly his mate is not quite so worn out, and by straining, which will soon make him equally as bad, will presently get the shamefully overloaded vehicle into motion. But if not, what must be done? Will the men who cling on behind, like bees to a hive, relieve the load for a moment? Not a bit of it. They fear to lose their places. The driver calls the conductor; and, whilst the former shrieks and lashes, the latter kicks the belly of the weaker of the pair; and after they have strained and struggled and come down once more on their knees, the car will make a start. Similar operations will be renewed as occasion may require. If any one doubts the accuracy of these statements, let him watch the departure of the up-town cars from Peck Slip and other points, between five and seven in the afternoon. He will not have long to wait for an illustration.

This is a matter in which the clergy might surely do much. The obligations due from man to beast form a fit theme for the pulpit of the ministers of a religion which, above all things, preaches loving kindness.

"Evil is wrought
By want of thought,
As well as want of heart,"

and a great deal of cruelty arises from sheer thoughtlessness. Were this to be strongly represented by ministers of religion, it would, we rest assured, be attended by the best effects.

—New York Evening Post.

While car horses everywhere suffer much cruelty, and always will while sixty or seventy passengers are permitted to crowd themselves on to one car, the quality of Boston car horses is better than those described above, and they are not subjected to "beating and kicking." Ought not passengers to share the charge of cruelty with the corporations?

TWO SIDES OF LIFE.

There is a shady side of life,
And a sunny side as well,
And 'tis for every one to say
On which he'd choose to dwell;
For every one unto himself
Commits a grievous sin,
Who bars the blessed sunshine out,
And shuts the shadows in.

The clouds may wear their saddest robes,
The sun refuse to smile,
And sorrow, with her troop of ills,
May threaten us the while;
But still the cheerful heart has power
A sunbeam to provide;
And only those whose souls are dark,
Dwell on life's shady side

"Since trifles make the sum of human things,
And halt our misery from our foibles springs;
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
And few can love or serve, but all may please,—
Oh, let the gentle spirit learn from hence
A small unkindness is a great offence!
Large bounties to bestow we wish in vain,
But all may shun the guilt of giving pain."

How simple it would be if a man's word were as good as his bond! if we never had to weigh it and sit it, and see one man and another, and inquire about it, and find out by the hardest work whether it is true or not! If men's statements could be relied upon, and men could trust each other, what an impetus would be given to the world's progress!—
Beecher.

For Our Dumb Animals.

MISTAKES ABOUT CATS.

There are two mistaken ideas about the treatment of cats, which lead to actual suffering in that much neglected race.

First. That a cat will not "hunt" so well if it has meat given to it.

Now hunting is a cat's natural instinct, whether hungry or not. And even were it otherwise, the object of keeping a cat—driving away vermin—is effected by the sight and sound of a cat merely. Not to give cats meat, is a cruel mistake; because their stomachs, like those of all carnivorous animals, are adapted especially for the digestion of flesh and fish. To give a cat cake, bread, scraps of fat or vegetables, which great hunger alone will induce it to touch, is apt to cause disorder of different forms. One frequent complaint—the house-cat's want of neatness, where they are kept much in-doors—is owing to this mistaken diet.

Now, to "take up" the next class of cat owners, (they ought to be "taken up" literally as well as on paper),—those who think, or rather who do not think, but "take for granted," that cats can "live on what they catch." Have any of these people reflected upon how many mice per week a cat can possibly find in a neighborhood of modern, well-built city houses, with cement-floored and plastered cellars, and concrete-paved wood and coal sheds, perhaps, and all the other excellent mice and vermin-proof appliances of "modern times"?

Our city is full of half-fed cats, whose owners' servants daily waste in the kitchen enough to keep them all well, if the lady of the house would only make it as much her daily duty to see that puss is fed after every meal, as she would see to her canary's seed-box and water-glass if she keeps one. If any one in whose house there is a cat is too busy, too lazy, or too poor, to feed it properly, let the poor animal be dispatched with a sponge of chloroform, or, more speedily and merciful, a pistol shot by a good marksman. Probably nine persons out of ten will say, "This exhortation about cats is a great deal of earnestness expended on a very small matter." The writer was very glad to hear that a well-known member of the Boston bar, whose name is constantly seen associated with important benevolent enterprises, does not think the subject too small for his notice. Visiting a relative lately, he observed the poor appearance of the cat at the house, and requested to have her better fed in future. By the June number of "Our Dumb Animals," I learn that this gentleman was one of the early patrons of the Massachusetts Society. See list in "A Brief History of Our Work." A. T. D.

For Our Dumb Animals.

AN INTELLIGENT HORSE WITH AN INTELLIGENT MASTER.

An old schoolmate of mine by the name of Brown (who has always been the dumb animals' friend), some twenty years ago bought a three-years-old colt that had been quite well broken, and showed an uncommon horse intelligence. Brown has the power, to a great degree, of teaching animals what he wants of them, by the use of words.

When the colt "Frank" was four years old, he took the premium at our county fair. I once witnessed Brown's manner of "hitching up." After the harness had been duly adjusted, and the colt turned loose, Brown says, "Frank, go to the wagon." Frank started immediately, went out of the barn to the wagon shed and took his place in the thills ready to be hitched on, which was done. On returning home, at the house door, Brown said, "Frank, Frank, go and back, back, back under the shed, Frank,—under the shed." Frank immediately went off to the shed, made an exact turn, and backed the wagon to its usual position, entirely of his own accord.

Now, twenty years or more later, Brown resides in the village, and thither also he has taken Frank, whom he harnesses every morning, "hitches up" and leaves standing at his manger in the barn.

When it is mail time, Brown goes to the door and says, "Frank, Frank, come Frank, I am ready;" when faithful Frank backs carefully out from the barn, makes a turn and comes up to the steps for his master.

When arrived at the post-office, Brown gets his mail, and if he wishes to go home, says, "Frank, come round, I am ready to go home."

The horse then makes a careful turn, comes up to his master and takes him home; when this wonderful horse will take his accustomed place in the barn awaiting "further orders." I might write quires of paper, and not tell one-half the interesting anecdotes of this remarkable horse. SICKLE.

SOUTH ADAMS, March 6, 1872.

For Our Dumb Animals

DO HORSES REASON?

For many years I have made the horse a subject of thought and study. At times I have been led to believe that horses have reasoning powers, and can understand and apply them in various ways.

For the last two years I have driven my mare nearly every day over the same road. About one mile from my home are two roads—one leading to the church, the other leading to the depot. Now six days in the week I drive to the cars, and on Sunday to the church. At the point where these roads separate, I give my mare her head, leaving her free to make her choice; and on week days she will go straight to the depot, and on Sundays she goes, of her own free will, to the church: I never knew her to fail me yet. It puzzled me for a long time to learn how she should know any difference in days; and I have come to the conclusion that she reasons from facts,—facts connected with every day life.

On week days I start from my stable in a two wheel carriage, on Sundays I start from my house in a carryall; thus making an entire change both in time, place and carriage; and from these facts she must be guided in her choice of roads.

Many may say this is instinct; if so, where does reason begin?

O. W. FISKE, Bedford.

"THE outward, wayward life we see—
The hidden springs we may not know.
Nor is it given us to discern
What threads the fatal sister's spun,
Through what ancestral years has run
The sorrow with the woman born,
What forged her cruel chain of moods,
What set her feet in solitudes,
And held the love within her mute—

It is not ours to separate
The tangled skein of will and fate,"

—Whittier's Snow Bound.

Our Dumb Animals.

Boston, August, 1872.

FOUNTAINS.

If our Society had been designed especially for the promotion of temperance, instead of the protection of animals, we should scarcely have had the question of *more water* brought more constantly to our attention, than during the last few weeks. Boston has twenty drinking fountains in her streets, a part only of which are running. If there were double that number, the public need would not be more than supplied. But the scarcity of water has compelled the Water Board to decline to accede to our repeated request to open all the fountains, and to establish others. The recent additional supply from Sudbury River, we hope, will remove this objection.

Another difficulty has been the deficient size of the bowls in the present fountains. To obviate this, we have again petitioned the city government to substitute stone drinking troughs, and to increase the number. This petition has been aided by nearly all the newspaper publishers of Boston, who have sent in a petition to the same effect; and another has been sent in by the expressmen, stable keepers and teamsters; and another still, by the citizens generally. We hope the city council will listen to these appeals, and make a suitable appropriation for the purpose.

During the late hot term, the necessity was very apparent, and a few moments' observation of the trough in State Street, would have been a sufficient argument for any one. A trough that will accommodate four horses at once, if it have the self-regulating fixtures, will not consume one-fourth of the water that the small fountains do when constantly running, day and night.

The two troughs contributed by generous friends, and one erected by the funds of the Society, will do something towards supplying the need; and we trust others will thus prove themselves friends to animals.

And here we take the liberty to correct an impression quite common in the public mind, that *our Society* erected the fountains now in our streets, and that *we* are responsible for the present deficiency. This, doubtless, arose from the fact, that it was through the repeated efforts of our President that the first appropriation was made by the city council, in 1868, to establish the present fountains.

But the whole matter is under control of the city government and the Water Board; and knowing, as we do, the favorable opinion of the latter, we feel assured they will at once supply the public need when plenty of water and a suitable appropriation will justify.

WHO NEXT shall have the pleasure of seeing a stone drinking trough in one of our streets, erected by his or her generosity?

NEW HAMPSHIRE—Are there no humane men or women in that state who will form a society? We have appealed in vain to our friends. Look at the accounts in another column, and pray relieve yourselves from further disgrace.

BOUND COPIES of our paper, 1868 to 1872, for sale at two dollars each.

Our Prizes at the New England Fair for 1872.—
Special Department.

By the kindness of the N. E. Agricultural Society, a department has been assigned to our Society, in which to exhibit articles designed to lessen the suffering of animals, at the fair to be held at Lowell, Mass., Sept. 3, 4, 5 and 6. And we hereby offer, through the above Society, the following

PRIZES.

- | | |
|---|---------|
| No. 1.—For the best essay on slaughtering cattle and other animals, | \$50 00 |
| No. 2.—For the best essay on the value of insect-eating birds, | \$50 00 |
| No. 3.—For the best wagon or cart harness for horses, | \$15 00 |
| For the next best, | \$10 00 |
| No. 4.—For the best harness for oxen as a substitute for the yoke, | \$15 00 |
| For the next best, | \$10 00 |
| No. 5.—For the best breast-plate for horses, | \$15 00 |
| For the next best, | \$10 00 |
| No. 6.—For the best bit, | \$15 00 |
| For the next best, | \$10 00 |
| No. 7.—For the best and cheapest blanket for horses, | \$15 00 |
| For the next best, | \$10 00 |
| No. 8.—For the best horse-shoes for winter and summer, | \$15 00 |
| For the next best, | \$10 00 |
| No. 9.—For the best coop for transporting fowls, | \$15 00 |
| For the next best, | \$10 00 |
| No. 10.—For the best bird-house for trees and buildings, | \$15 00 |
| For the next best, | \$10 00 |

As the main purpose of our Society is to prevent the suffering of animals, the prizes will be awarded for those articles which exhibit the greatest improvement upon present methods as to the comfort of the animal, the least cost being duly considered.

Further particulars may be obtained at our office, 46 Washington Street, Boston.

Entries for the above premiums will be made with E. T. Rowell, Local Secretary of the New England Agricultural Society, Lowell, Mass.

Other articles, not embraced in the above prize list, but designed for the protection of animals, may be exhibited in the above department; and may receive a gratuity, if deemed especially worthy of consideration.

Essays may be sent to our office on or before August 31.

The committee upon this branch of the exhibition will be appointed, on the opening of the Fair, at the President's headquarters.

ROADSIDE WATERING TROUGHS are needed everywhere throughout the country.

SUN-BONNETS for horses give great relief, and wet sponges on their heads avoid sunstrokes.

THE CHECK-REIN ESSAY.

The effect of this essay is already apparent in this city, and in other parts of the State. Its arguments are so convincing, and the opinions of experts so clear, that many have already abandoned the use of the check altogether, or lengthened it so that it is unobjectionable. We are having calls for the pamphlet from all parts of the country, including the western territories. It has been republished, in full, by several other papers.

ANIMALS' HOME.

At last we have our home in operation. We have had much difficulty in securing a place that would not be objected to by the neighbors, and would not be too expensive. And now the place is not such as we shall desire to make it, if it prove to be a permanency. But it is an experiment, and a few months will prove whether Boston needs such an institution. If so, we shall endeavor to make one which will meet the necessities of the case.

In the mean time, the following copy of a circular which we have distributed will give the public useful information:—

"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals have opened, on *Amory Street, near Hog Bridge, Boston Highlands*, a HOME FOR HOMELESS, LOST AND DISABLED ANIMALS, where they will be provided with good homes, restored to their owners or mercifully killed.

"Lost dogs will be retained one week or longer, according to circumstances.

"The police of Boston will cooperate with the society in collecting these animals, and will receive them at the station houses, where they will be sent for every morning. Parties having domestic animals which they desire to have mercifully killed, may send them to the Home.

Persons claiming ownership of dogs will be required to prove that they are licensed.

"Further information may be obtained at the office of the Society, 46 Washington Street.

"BOSTON, August 1, 1872."

TRANSPORTATION OF STOCK.—Evidence is constantly accumulating of the cruelties on stock trains, in their passage from the West; and in due time we shall be able to show the public what has been done, and what ought to be done.

We continue to circulate Mr. Angell's essay, which gives the public valuable information, and shows the need of a decided reform, from sanitary as well as humane considerations.

SUMMER BOARDERS in the country frequently abuse horses, by want of knowledge of what is a reasonable amount of work for an animal. They hire a horse for the day; and, full of excitement and pleasure, they forget that the horse needs rest and refreshment. They forget that they are travelling over hilly and often bad roads, and not on the paved streets of a city. It is an error of the head, and not of the heart.

CHECK-REIN SIGN-BOARDS.—Our sign-boards bearing the inscription, "Please uncheck your horses going up-hill," have been erected in Boston, Roxbury, Dorchester, Hyde Park, Charlestown, Somerville and Chelsea; and will serve to remind drivers of horses to seek the comfort of their animals, and to enable them to do their allotted work to the best advantage.

HORSE-SHOEING ESSAY.—The distribution of Fleming's essay, which we present to all the horse-shoers of Massachusetts, is now going on through our agents and other friends. If read and studied as we hope it will be, much good will be effected. Where there are public libraries, a copy will be deposited there for future reference.

HAS the subject of guide-boards in country towns been acted upon by the selectmen?

SEE article on Fountains, 2d page.

For Our Dumb Animals.

LEAVING TOWN FOR THE SUMMER.

At this season, hundreds of friends of our work are preparing to leave home for mountain and seashore; and the writer would suggest that one thing ought to find space in every trunk.—either a package of "Our Dumb Animals," or, what is far better and more likely to do service, one of the Society's bound volumes. A paper is a good thing to give away; but, on the centre-table of a hotel parlor, a bound book is sure to attract attention; and in a rainy day at a summer resort, who does not know what a boon anything in the shape of a book is! Papers or magazines are torn by children, or lost, but a substantial volume, with the owner's name, will be read daily, and taken up by visitors. The writer found this the case with hers, during five weeks at the seashore last summer. A. T. D.

JULY, 1872.

We have presented a number of bound copies to the leading seaside and mountain hotels, hoping to awaken an interest in our cause. Of course we cannot make this universal, and the suggestion of our correspondent is a good one.

THE DOG DAYS.

PRESIDENT BERGH'S MANIFESTO—SHALL DOGS BE MUZZLED?

To the Editor of The World.

SIR: "The dog days," as this period of the year is called, being at hand, and having been repeatedly asked for an expression of my opinion with regard to the muzzling of dogs, will you please give place to the following authorities on the subject? It is not generally known, that the dog perspires only through the mouth; and, consequently, to close that by a legal ordinance is to violate a higher natural law. Hydrophobia may be declared to be of rare occurrence, notwithstanding many animals are slain merely for frothing at the mouth, and biting when tormented.

The distinguished physiologists, Dupuytren, Brischet, Magendie and others, affirm that they have put dogs and cats in an enclosure together, and there kept them without food or water until they devoured one another, without hydrophobia ever developing itself; moreover, that they have subjected them to a continuous annoyance, with a view to provoking them to madness, without effect; and have furnished them foul water, and flesh of the most unhealthy and corrupt quality, with like result.

The veterinary school of Lyons assert that dogs are more liable to madness during the cold and winter months than during June, July and August. A vast number of modern physiologists declare that the muzzling of dogs only tends to produce the disease, and that it is no safeguard; because, if mad, the animal breaks the muzzle, and bites.

"Cursed be the muzzle!" exclaims the French Secretary of the Board of Health of Paris, who, in a charming story, causes a muzzled dog to describe his sensations, thus: "In my organization, nature has provided me with no other sudorific glands than those of my tongue. During the great heat of summer, touch my skin, it is dry; look at my tongue, and see the streams of sweat escaping; muzzle me, and what is the result? You arrest this natural excretion of my body; you turn it inwards, and it corrupts my blood, and propagates the very disease which you seek to prevent; and I bite, in my delirium, those, among others, whom I love best."

In Berlin the muzzle has been discontinued. In Turkey, Egypt and Syria madness is very rare; although, by reason of the Mussulman's superior humanity, dogs are never killed.

Nothing, says Lavallette, tends more to demoralize the public mind, and develop the instincts of cruelty in children, than the spectacle of that faithful friend and companion of man being murdered or tortured in our public streets; that creature of which some one has said:—

"With eyes upturned, his master's look to scan,—
The joy, the solace, and the aid of man;
The rich man's guardian, and the poor man's friend:
The only creature faithful to the end."

4th July, 1872.

HENRY BERGH, President.

[Extract from a Letter]

NEW HAMPSHIRE APPEALS.

NORTH CONWAY.

I find there is no Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals here; and I am daily tried and vexed beyond measure by the conduct of one whose constant practice it is to drive (an apparently willing) horse by incessant lashing. I have never seen him without the whip in his hand; and the horse does not go the length of the horse and wagon between the blows. This is at all hours of the day; and up a heavy, sandy hill, in the heat of noon-day, I saw him striking his horse as quickly as he could, alternately on either flank. If you have any means of reaching such a case, I hope it may be done.

It is on my conscience to see such an outrage day after day, and not be able to apply a remedy.

MANCHESTER, N. H.—This is a lovely city; but, as far as the dumb animals are concerned, it is a woefully benighted place. Any man, who takes the fancy, can beat his horse to death here, without molestation.

A horse, formerly used in a circus, was brought here. To bring him into proper subjection, he was struck on the forehead with a sledge hammer; the animal, crazed by the blow, rushed into the street; he was "yanked" this way and that, and finally thrust backward in such a way against a post as to inflict a severe wound. Last of all, he was beaten with a cord wood stick and utterly ruined.

This is only one case; I know of many more.

MORE NEW HAMPSHIRE CRUELTY.—One day last week a boy, who resides in the south part of the town of Dunbarton, went to the pasture to catch a horse. Having some trouble with the animal, he afterwards tied it to a post, and beat it shockingly, knocking one eye completely out.—*Manchester Mirror*.

We are informed that the "boy" above named is a married man, about 21 years of age; and that the horse was a gentle animal, but was "frisky," and for a while refused to be caught.

The name of this "boy" has been reported to us; but, as we have no power to act, we shall hope some citizen of New Hampshire will have him arrested under their law, which is ample for the purpose.

These extracts from letters and other evidence, are proof enough of the need of a society in New Hampshire. The law there is efficient enough; and it only needs some one to move in the matter, to secure a good society. Has no one courage or humanity enough to take the initiatory? We have no power to act except by appeals to New Hampshire people.

[Extract from a Letter.]

WORCESTER.

Can you inform me if there is any Society here for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals?

I am here but a small portion of the time, but that is enough for me to witness more cruelty, to horses especially, than I see in Boston in twice the time.

They are overworked and overdriven. Every Sunday, I see them driven past my window, evidently at the last stage of endurance, and whipped and goaded on by the miserable brutes who hire them.

No one seems to care or interest themselves in the matter, except in one or two very extreme cases, which have been very inadequately punished.

I am nothing but a woman, and am powerless. Should I complain to the police, it would do no good.

AN INTELLIGENT PARROT.—During the fire at Portsmouth, Sunday night, the sister of the priest whose residence was burned with the Roman Catholic church, was awakened by a parrot calling the servant's name and screaming "fire!" They barely had time to save their clothes and a portion of the furniture; and, but for Polly, might have been burned to death.

CASES INVESTIGATED.

BY BOSTON AGENTS, IN JULY.

Whole number of complaints, 104: viz., driving lame and galled horses, 38; driving diseased horses, 5; general cruel treatment, 21; beating, 5; overloading, 6; overdriving, 5; torturing, 10; failing to provide proper food and shelter, 5; abandoning, 2; cruelty in transportation, 7. Remedied without prosecution, 48; not sustained, 30; not found, 4; prosecuted, 11; convicted, 9; pending, 1; under investigation, 11; animals killed, 13; taken off their work, 24.

Also examined a very large number of horses, without complaint, at auction rooms in Boston and Brighton, at the Beach on Sundays, and on horse-cars, coaches, private and other carriages, often removing the harness for the purpose.

BY COUNTRY AGENTS, FROM APRIL TO JULY 1ST.

Whole number complaints, 181; remedied without prosecution, 152; prosecuted, 29; convicted, 21; pending, 2; animals killed, 14.

RECEIPTS BY THE SOCIETY IN JULY.

[All sums of money received by the Society during the past month, appear in this column, with the names, so far as known, of the persons giving or paying the same. If remittances or payments to us or our agents are not acknowledged in this column, parties will please notify the secretary at once; in which case, they will be acknowledged in the next paper. Donors are requested to send names or initials with their donations.]

MEMBERS AND DONORS.

Chas. Merriam, \$20; Mrs. J. P. Russell, Daniels, \$500; \$., \$10; Elmer C. Durrell, \$1; Margie Sumner, \$1; J. McAvail, 10; Mrs. Jacob Fottler, \$5; Timothy Hannon, \$5; G. J. Bryant, \$25.

SUBSCRIBERS ONE DOLLAR EACH.

A. L. Coolege, L. Fairbanks, Stephen W. Collins, Jedediah Morse, Henry Anthony, Sleeper, Fiske & Co., Boylston Ins. Co., L. Slack, Miss Rebecca Bowker, Dr. H. Parker, Francis Ellison, Mrs. S. P. Green, Lammette Pollard, Chas. F. Wyman, Nathan C. Luther, Curtis Davis, Mrs. H. N. Havens, Oliver Plympton, D. F. Rice, Miss R. W. Hale, Dr. Wm. Saunders, Gorham Blake, Chas. Woolley Wm. T. Richardson, Jas. H. Stannard, J. R. Alley, Mrs. Wm. A. Robinson, Mrs. E. H. Robinson, Frederick Butler, James Durgin, S. W. Hill, E. Reader, Jr., John Wetherbee, Dr. Chas. D. Homans, F. H. Hastings, R. L. Hodgdon, S. A. Fowle, Geo. W. Briggs, Dan'l Staniford, A. Molyneux Hewlett, Wm. Claffin & Co., O. Frary, E. F. Baily, Wm. McEwing John M. Bernhisel, Mrs. Dr. Leyburn, E. F. Osborn, Miss Florence Weld, H. B. Howe, Elijah Perry, A. Vinal, T. G. Caldwell, Mrs. W. S. Rand, Rev. R. H. Richardson, L. P. Hollander, H. W. Brooks, W. B. Brown, Samie J. Haskell, Mrs. L. W. Lee, Levi Beshon, E. W. Knapp, Mrs. A. A. Roath, J. F. Snow, John E. May, Thomas Mansfield, C. H. Wharton, Geo. D. Ryder, Theodore Otis, Thomas Greenwood, L. Pope, Herman Secor, Geo. Seney, D. P. Ives, Theo. H. Bell, Dr. Dagersdoff, H. L. Lawrence, Dr. Francis Minot, Dr. George Putnam, Mrs. Henry C. Snow, W. P. Sargent, Chas. D. Swain, James C. White, J. Williams, Dan'l W. Rogers, Mrs. J. F. Amsden, Dr. F. H. Brown, Joseph F. Paul, Dr. G. Heaton, Parker Merrill, Wm. Prescott, J. W. Barton, Dr. B. Brown, J. C. Burdick, Chapman Bros. & Co., S. McNutt, Dr. A. P. Pierce, Dr. E. C. Rolfe, Thos. Sprague, H. W. Spurr, Wm. Dailey, Dr. Chas. H. Farnsworth, H. W. Smith, L. A. Bigelow, Geo. E. Priest, Dr. Lincoln, Barney Hull, Joseph H. Cheney, Wm. F. Hurd, Geo. M. Brooks, Geo. F. Brown, Geo. F. Blake, L. Hatfield.

Mrs. A. G. Farwell, \$10 20; Mrs. James B. Dow, \$2; Edw. Bringhurst, \$3; Miss H. M. Gale, \$2; J. F. Mitchell, \$2; Miss Maria Murdock, \$2.

FINES.

From Justices' Courts.—Brighton (3 cases), \$30; Canton, \$1; Hulsdon, \$25; Lancaster, \$20; Wareham, \$1; Clinton, \$10; Stoughton (2 cases), \$26; E. Bridgewater, \$10.
Municipal Courts.—Boston Highlands, \$10; Boston, \$95.
Police Courts.—Chelsea, \$10; Cambridge, \$25. Witness Fees, \$5.00.

[Extract from a Letter]

WATERING TROUGHS WANTED.

We want very much, in this town, watering places on the road. I know of but one in the town, and yet there is much driving over the roads.

The subject was brought up in town meeting two years ago; and, although only a moderate sum was asked for, it was voted down.

A very little money used for watering places, from the large amounts that are expended, would never be missed, and would be a lasting benefit.

THE door between us and heaven cannot be opened, if that between us and our fellow men is shut.

Children's Department.

My Boy, Control Your Temper.

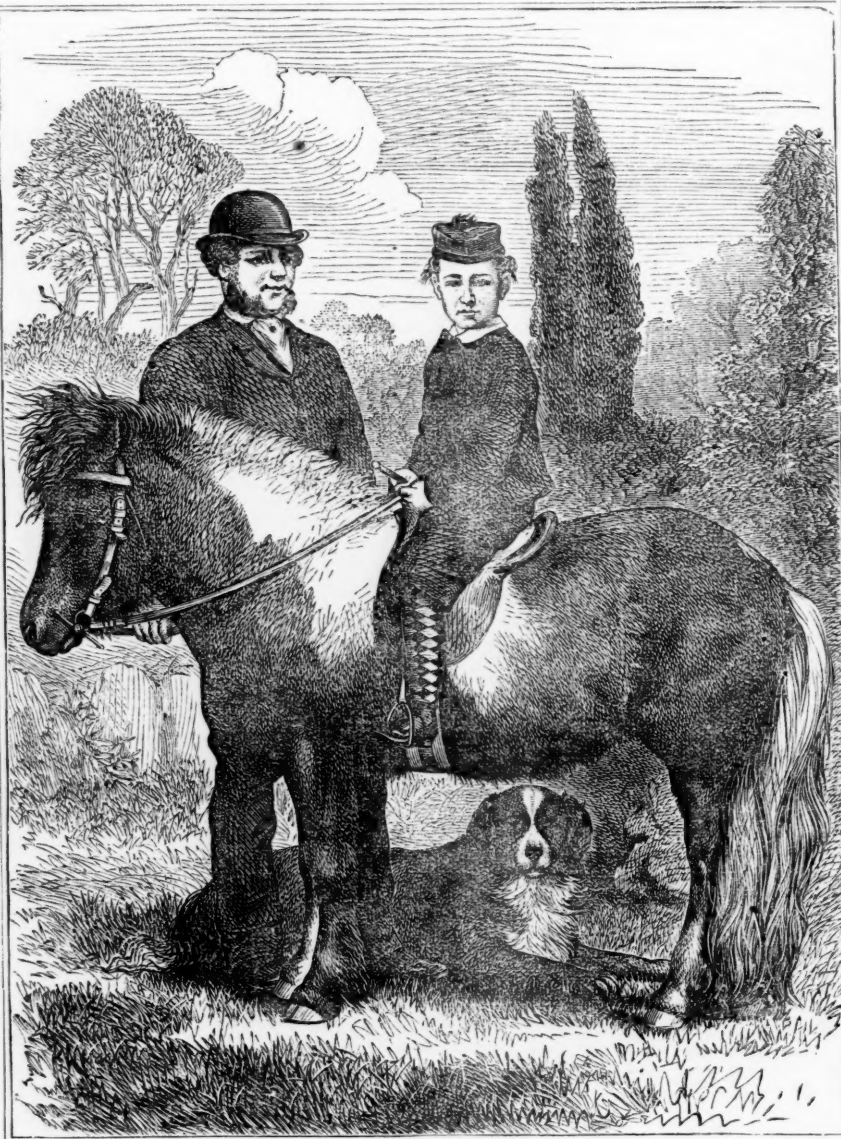
The children who look at this picture may consider that the boy, "Frank," has just been riding this pony, and lost his temper. Why? Because the dog, feeling a little frisky, as boys do sometimes, barked at the pony; the pony kicked up, and nearly threw Frank to the ground. He was "mad,"—partly because he did not like to be jostled, and partly because some ladies and gentlemen were looking at him, and he did not exhibit first-rate horsemanship. So, what did he do, but take the butt of his whip and give the pony nine blows over his head; and, then turning the whip, cut the dog two or three times for causing the excitement? We gave the name Frank to this lad, because we know a man of that name who had a very quick temper when he was a boy, and did some silly things of which he is ashamed. The boy in the picture is hearing the advice of his father: "My boy, control your temper. The pony was not intentionally to blame; the dog meant no harm; and you have been guilty of cruelty to both animals. And yet see how patiently they wait for you now, forgiving and loving you still! Do not, I beg of you, let them show that they are superior to you, hereafter."

Does He Love Me?

Pretty robin at my window,
Welcoming the day
With thy loud and liquid piping,
Read my riddle, pray,
I have counted it, waking, sleeping,
Vexed the more for aye—
Thou'rt a wizard, pretty robin—
Does he love me, say?

"The Chosen Tree."

A bird built her nest in a fair green tree,
In the midst of a beautiful wood;
And she lined it with feathers, and made it so soft,
As only a mother could.
Primroses grew in the long, green grass,
At the foot of the chosen tree;
And the scent of sweet violets filled the air—
Like odors from Araby.
The dragon fly, and the painted moth,
And the musical-winged bee,
And the grasshopper came, with his chirping voice,
To play 'neath the chosen tree.
Not long ere three tiny heads were seen,
Peeping out from their downy nest;
And Oh, what a happy mother was she
Who warmed them beneath her breast!
She loved them as only a mother loves,
And sang them her songs of gloe:
There were no little birds more happy than they,
In their nest in the chosen tree.
But one of this little family
Grew tired of his mother's care:
He sat all day in sullen mood,
And naught to him looked fair.
For the heart of this little bird was changed,
And he thought he should like to roam—
Away o'er the fields, and the high green hills,
In search of a brighter home.

Frank and His Friends.

Ah, me! there's not a brighter home
Than that which is lighted by love:
There is no other love more divinely sweet,
Nor the moon, nor the stars above.

But he fled away, and sported awhile
Amid flowers of each perfume and hue;
But, when night came on, he was weary and cold;
And it rained, and the storm-wind blew.

Ah, then how he thought of his mother's wing,
Which had covered him tenderly;
And his little brothers—so happy and good—
In their nest in the chosen tree!

Then he lifted his voice, but none to hear
The sound of his sorrow were nigh;
So he covered his head with his half-fledged wing,
And sat down on a stone to die.

And thus, little children, from this you may learn,
How even one child may be
The cause of much sorrow, which naught may remove,
From a little family.

You each have a home in a chosen tree,
And your parents have lit it with love;
Oh! cause not the shadow of grief to descend,
That beautiful light to remove.

GREATER is he who causes good deeds than he
who does them.

The Dog and the Doves.

Let me tell you a true story of a dog that lived in Sweden. He was a large dog, and very handsome: he had great, drooping ears; long, wavy hair; and bright brown eyes. His master thought a great deal of him, and always treated him kindly; and the dog tried his best to please him.

One thing the gentleman taught him to do, was to carry a basket of corn every morning, into a yard near by, and feed the doves. He would sit down, holding the basket in his mouth; and the birds would come to him, eat out of it and light on his back and head. They knew he was their friend, and constant kindness brings trust.

—"M. O. J.," in *Little Sower*.

Kitty and His Bottle.

When the little gray kitten was three weeks old, the old mother cat died. What was to be done? It seemed very hard to drown the poor little thing; but it would not do to let it starve; and it cried so loud, "Mee-ow, mee-ow!" that Aunt Lizzie, who has a very soft spot in her heart for dumb creatures, could not bear to hear it.

She tried feeding him with a spoon; but kitty did not like that at all: he choked and squirmed, and most of the milk ran down on his neck and breast, and made him very wet and uncomfortable.

At last she said to herself, "Babies suck milk out of bottles, and why should not kittens?" She got a small bottle, filled it with warm milk and water, and put a little piece of sponge in the top, like a cork. Then she put it to kitty's mouth. Oh, how pleased he was! He held the bottle fast in his two little fore-paws, and sucked away until all the milk was gone.

Then Aunt Lizzie wrapped him up in a warm cloth, laid him in a deep box; and he went to sleep as cosily as could be. In a few days he learned to know the bottle, and would seize it

and draw it up close as soon as he caught sight of it. Everybody who saw this funny sight laughed heartily; and kitty and his bottle had to be brought up to the parlor to be admired almost every day. He was fed in this way for more than two weeks, until he could lap milk out of a saucer.—From *The Nursery*.

The Will and the Way.

Our neighbor's huge cat, Thomas, has transferred his affections to us recently. This morning, as he sat under the table, looking like a great black lion, some one put down the baby's cup of bread and milk for him to finish. He lapped away as long as his big cheeks would permit; but he could not reach the milk in the bottom. His big appetite was by no means satisfied: how to get at the rest was the question. Raising one paw, he dipped it down into the milk, then licked it off. This he repeated; and when Georgie dropped in more crumbs, he fished them out, and eat them also.

Thomas taught us quite a lesson about the will and the way. I know some children who are not half so persevering. If they meet with very little difficulties, even, they say, "Oh, I can't do it, it's no use to try!" Now I think it would be an advantage to them to go to school to our neighbor's old cat.—*Selected*.

Scholars' Compositions.

[1.]

* * We have as a nation made favorable impressions upon the minds of distant countries; and, at the present time, two of the greatest nations, namely Japan and Russia, are seeking information respecting our government, our institutions, our intellectual, moral and religious resources, &c.; and are we not as a nation glad to set such an example?

If so, should not another trait of our national character be added, and transmitted to foreign countries?

Oh yes! Let the societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals claim their place in the ranks, and feel proud to encourage all endeavors for the promotion of this noble work, which is infusing such a Christian element into our humanity.

Shall we let France (who, I hear, is at present foremost in this enterprise) triumph over us in this respect? Shall this noble work find an inferior place in our history? * * *

[2.]

* * It seems to me that horses always try to do their duty, unless they are obstinate and ill-tempered; and, when they do not succeed, there is some excuse for them. There is also an excuse for ill-tempered animals; for you may be sure they have been the victims of ill-treated men, and have learned to imitate those who trained them.

When you see any one who calls himself a man abusing his horse, do you not think the man more of a brute than the horse? And any one who can ill-treat such a meek creature as a cow, and then look her in the face, must be very hard-hearted; for I should think her very eyes would make him blush for shame. * * *

[3.]

The last and greatest work of the Creator was man, whom he created in his own likeness. Next to man, he created animals or brutes. To man was given what was denied to brutes,—the power of reason and faculty of speech.

There is one trait which they have in common with mankind, that of giving and receiving love; but many persons do not seem to realize it, but treat them as if they were as destitute of all feeling as a block of wood or stone. * * *

I shall never forget a sight which I saw at White River Junction last summer. It was a cattle train, of twenty or thirty cars, containing horses, oxen, cows, sheep, hogs and fowls. When the train stopped, the most piteous sounds were heard. Lowing, squealing, baaing, neighing and moaning, all united in one not very harmonious strain. The cows were ranged alternately "heads and tails," and stood with tongues parched and swollen hanging from their mouths. Some of the sheep were lying down as if dying, while others were trampling on them, all eager to get their noses to the air. * * *

No truly noble and brave man will ever unnecessarily inflict pain upon any creature in his power, even if he has no love for it.

There is a class of unruly animals usually found in schoolhouses, which, I think, appreciates gentle treatment as much as other animals do!

[4.]

Among human beings, if a person is incapable of speaking for himself, some one has pity enough, and a sufficient love of justice, to take his part and help him in his trouble.

Animals cannot speak for themselves, and therefore we must speak for them, and see that justice is done. * * *

If we would only consider, before we strike, what kindness might do for us! Just notice your horse's great mournful eyes, as he looks at you, while you pat his neck and lead him to his clean, fresh and warm stable. See how patiently he stands while waiting for you at the gate, and how briskly he trots off when you are ready to go, knowing as he does that it is his master who drives him. * * *

[5.]

When God had finished his work of Creation and pronounced it "very good," all the creatures lived together in perfect harmony; and though the lower animals were in subjection to Adam, he made no improper use of his power. * * *

In the far-off Bible times, when flocks and herds made up the greater part of men's wealth, they seem to have been most tenderly cared for: and I should think that a blow from a stick must indeed have been a "striking event" in those days; for when Balaam struck his ass three times, it opened its mouth and rebuked him; and I heartily wish that not only all the underfed, overworked, ill-treated asses of modern times, but horses, cows, dogs, cats and every other badly used four-footed brute, could in like manner open their mouths and rebuke the *two-footed* brutes who torment them, and so startle them into better manners; for, generally speaking, the really cruel man or boy is a thorough coward at heart. * * *

[6.]

One of the most interesting illustrations of the design of our Creator in establishing the family state, is the nature of the domestic animals connected with it. * *

It is thought by many good authorities on the subject, that, from the present abusive system which we pursue towards them, we do not realize one-half of the benefits which the domestic animals are calculated to confer upon us. That all dumb animals are capable of appreciating any kindness shown them, there can be no doubt; and they make manifest such appreciation by the best modes they possess. * * *

Nor have I any reason to doubt the assertion, that attractive traits of character have unquestionably been developed in the animal by the kind treatment received. The same law holds good here as amongst men. Treat them in a rational and humane manner, and they exhibit their best natural qualities. * * *

[7.]

* * In the word of God all animals are mentioned as given for man's comfort and use; but not one instance is mentioned where they were given for man's displeasure or abuse.

[8.]

* * I was coming from Maine, last summer, and there were some tired, thirsty creatures on the train. It was warm, and no one quenched the hunger and thirst of the poor cows and sheep. We reached a small station in the afternoon, and the poor creatures were gazing wistfully from between the bars of the car in which they were confined, when some children who were playing near noticed them and commenced to pull what grass they could, and thrust it into the car. The cattle sprang as quickly as was possible considering the crowded car, and seized the grass. * * *

The thought came to me, that when those children grew to manhood, they would not cruelly abuse the poor dumb creatures; for they showed their kindness of heart by doing what they could to alleviate their suffering.

Take it as a whole, there is great wrong and injustice done to the creatures God has created for our good. O man! do you not think that you will be one day called to an account before the judgment-seat of God for these cruelties,—you who overload, overdrive, torture, cruelly beat and poorly shelter or underfeed any of his creatures? * * *

[9.]

We have advanced so far now in civilization, that we see animals need kind treatment as well as man. * * *

Animals are often driven with open wounds in their flesh; of course walking only serves to irritate it, and make it worse. And in what torture the poor animal must be! and yet he is driven on without thought of the agony he must endure. * * *

People get into a crowded horse-car without thinking they are adding so many more pounds to the horse's load. * * *

Children ought to be taught, as they grow up, to be humane: there is hardly a child that will not grieve if one of his pets is cruelly tormented; yet he will pick the wings from off the flies, and spear a butterfly with a pin, and let a grasshopper gasp away its life under a tumbler, because he is not made to

understand the cruelty of it. People say that insects have less feeling than animals of larger brains. It may be so. But the children's education begins with these little creatures, and if they form the habit of torturing them for amusement, they grow up capable of tormenting larger animals, perhaps their play-mates, "just for fun." * * *

[10.]

The proverb of Solomon, "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast," is often forgotten by those who claim to be merciful and kind.

Many who would scorn to be unkind to a fellow being, will cruelly torment those animals who cannot protect themselves. * * *

[11.]

Kindness to animals is one of the noblest traits in a person's character; it shows a good heart, and I would sooner trust a man that was kind to all animals, than one whom I had seen perform some little act of cruelty. * * *

Birds are very timid; but even the wildest can be tamed by kindness, as I proved last summer while in the country. When riding one day, we found, on the road, a young kingfisher that had fallen from his nest; we took it home, put it in a cage, and fed it till strong enough to fly; but liking its cage-nest, would return to it at night, and for a week or two would come two or three times a day to be fed, alighting on the head, shoulder or hand of any one who chanced to be about; and, after eating, would sit and plume himself, as if quite at home. * * *

I hope this composition may do some good; and, if it has saved one poor animal a blow, it has accomplished its mission.

CATTLE CARS.

Amos Rank, Esq., of Salem, Ohio, has furnished us some additional statements on transportation, supplementing Mr. Angell's essay; and we publish them below, with Mr. R.'s comments.

After giving the particulars of the English inventions, as recorded in above named essay, he says:—

The American patents upon this subject have been granted to Sevearingen and Shaeffer of Virginia; Robinson of New York; Kendall of Minnesota; Rank, Sharp and King of Ohio; Stark of Michigan; Aldrich, Pike and Remer of Massachusetts; Street of Iowa; Lee of Wisconsin; Calkins of Missouri, and, perhaps, a few others. Several of these have been purchased and consolidated by the "National Cattle Car Company" of Salem, Ohio, and are now owned by the "Improved Stock Car Company" of Columbus, Ohio. Differing in details, these cars agree in the general principles of separating the animals by partitions, movable or otherwise, in such manner as to secure for each animal a separate stall, wherein he may lie down without being trampled upon; and in giving them regularly a full supply of food and water, while in transit. Some of these cars are convertible from stock to freight, and cattle may be carried in one direction and merchandise in the other. The length of the cars are slightly increased, so that the same number or weight may be carried as in common cars. Actual trial trips with some of these cars, from the West, a distance of over a thousand miles, have demonstrated the practical advantage of the method, having gone through without unloading, saving three days' time for shippers, three days' food and expenses, three days' interest upon the money invested, substantially three days' car service, and saving over eighty per cent. of the shrinkage generally lost when shipping in the common cars. Who can doubt, therefore, the practicability of these cars? Who that feels a pride in the boasted civilization of the nineteenth century but what asks that their merits be investigated? Who that knows of the brutal outrages committed upon defenceless dumb brutes all over the country, during their transportation to market, does not cry out in the name of Christianity that they shall be adopted?

THE series of children's books published by S. Partridge & Co., London, devoted to promoting love of animals, are among the best books for children we have ever seen.

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MERCIFUL KILLING.—Now it seems generally to be understood, that, neither in the infliction of death on any animal, when death is needful, nor at any other time, is any needless suffering to be inflicted on such animal. Acting on this principle, the combined force of law and opinion has done, and is doing, much to lessen the sufferings of the animals which are killed for our food. By the same means many cruel amusements which were once the delight of noble and royal persons of both sexes are generally proscribed. Some are altogether abolished; others are condemned by society, and are practised only by stealth. Bull-baiting, bear-baiting, badger-baiting, cock-fighting, cock-throwing, dog-fighting, all come under one or other of these heads. Some of these have ceased to be heard of at all; others may still linger on, but they are thought unfit for the presence of gentlemen, still more so for that of ladies.—Fortnightly Review.

We say this of shooting matches.—Ed.

RIGHTEOUS DEEDS.

As body when the soul has fled
As barren trees decayed and dead
Is faith: a hopeless, lifeless thing,
If not of righteous deeds the spring.

ONE cup of healing oil and wine,
One tear drop shed on mercy's shrine
Is thrice more grateful Lord to Thee,
Than lifted eye or bended knee.

DRUMMOND.

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